

## POETRY.

Dare to be a soldier  
Fighting for the right.  
Ever looking upward  
Toward the beacon light.  
God will give you power  
To vanquish every foe;  
If you heed His teachings,  
And in His foot-steps go.  
He will gently guide you  
In the paths of right.  
Give you trusted weapons  
With which to win the fight.  
And when the battle's over  
And the victory won  
You will hear His loving voice  
Say to you: "Well done."  
IDA ARNOLD MILLER.

## SELECTIONS.

## GONE BEFORE.

DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST:—It is almost a year since your dear, loving epistle was penned to my husband which I copied and sent to the BRETHREN EVANGELIST for publication. Again have I sustained a sad bereavement. This time a dear and loving father has been called from our family circle, and has gone to join the loved ones gone before. A dear mother was the first link broken from the family circle and now a dear father is the second.

A week ago last Monday, Nov. 26th, my brother-in-law came for me to go immediately home with him, that father was sick. I asked him if father was dead, he replied "no," only to get me home ere I should learn the sad news. After a tiresome delay and over a hundred miles of travel, we reached the home, only to find crape at the door and dear father in the silent embrace of death—or only sleeping. It occurred on Saturday eve, previous, at 9 o'clock. He died with neuralgia of the heart. On Saturday morning he was down at the stable, and afterward split three cut of wood, ate some dinner. Taken with sharp pains, the doctor was summoned. His sufferings were intense beyond measure. At 6 a. m. Brother Joseph W. Wilt of Altoona, Pa., was summoned and dear father was anointed with oil in the name of the Lord. His sufferings became more intense, yet he was rational until the last. He looked toward heaven and prayed, "Lord, Lord come quickly," and closed his eyes fell asleep in Jesus.

I suffered dreadful nervous agony after I reached the dear home into which I helped dear father and sister move last spring. I went home March 27th, last, on the 29th, being my father's eightieth birthday, I cooked dinner for him. The day following they moved, at which time my father and nephew came near being killed by the team running away. I spent four weeks at home. On April 21st I kissed my dear father good-bye for the last time. Died Saturday eve, Nov. 24th, just one year from the day my husband's

father was buried. Father was buried beside my dear mother, on Wednesday at 10 a. m., Nov. 28th 1894. Funeral by Brother Joseph W. Wilt, from Job xvi, 22, "When a few years are come," etc.

Three of the family were not at home; one sister in Chicago, one brother of Sioux Falls, S. D., and one brother Del Ray, Michigan. Dear father was laid to rest beside my dear mother.

Pray for me dear brother. May the dear Lord abundantly bless you, and may Christmas bring you many joys.

Mrs. J. M. RITTER.

RIGGLE.—The grim monster death entered the home of Brother Wm. and Sister Martha Riggle, Dec. 20th, 1894, and took away their little son, Samuel, aged 9 months. But amid sorrow the cheering words of Jesus came to us, "Suffer the little children to come unto me," and "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." The interment took place at the Sugar Grove burying ground. May God bless the bereaved parents and and may they realize that Sammy has gone where partings never come.

Funeral service was conducted by J. M. MURRAY.

McPHERSON.—Mrs. Emma McPherson, wife of Dr. Robert McPherson, was born in Carrol County, Ill. Oct. 25th, 1852, died at Pasadena, Cal., Dec. 20th, 1894. Aged 42 years, 1 month and 25 days.

Her maiden name was Cheeseman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alford Cheeseman, whose family consisted of two sons and four daughters.

Her mother having died, Feb. 2nd, 1854, the father married again, and to this second union was born three sons and one daughter, all of whom survive her.

The deceased was married to Robert McPherson in June 1871, after which they established their residence in Milledgeville, which has since been their home.

Two children, a daughter and a son, Pearl and Mason, were born unto them, who with the father survive the departed wife and mother, and with numerous other relatives and friends of the family mourn their great loss. Sister McPherson united with the Brethren church about four years ago and was a consistent member, and a most devoted Christian until her death. She had not enjoyed, very robust health for several years yet indomitable energy and great courage enabled her to perform the arduous duties devolving upon her, until in June of the present year, when her health began rapidly to fail and on the 6th of September, she, in company with the daughter and son went to California, hoping that a milder climate and the exhilarating sea breeze would prove beneficial in prolonging life and adding to its comforts, which was apparently realized, but only temporarily. And about seven weeks ago

her health began a steady decline which continued until death.

Though she had expressed a desire to return home to die, should she gain sufficient strength, yet when she became conscious that the end was drawing nigh, she told the loved ones that she was ready and that death would be sweet. Patient through all her trials and in severest affliction she found great comfort in reading God's Word. She made the Bible her constant companion and and drank sweet consolation from its treasured promises.

While life lingered, even amid darkest experiences, she saw beautiful vistas of future recompense. Though life had so many thorns, the approaching end revealed to her that christian life, just over the river, called death, was strewn with roses.

Yea, God who so grandly bedecked the earth with flowers, had revealed to her more beautiful garlands in heaven's gardens. If faith on earth could lay hold of the promised TREASURE, its conquest in death should ascend to the sublime summit of the mount of the eternal city. "Tis sweet to die," she said. "Nothing is wanting, all things are supplied." "I am glad, I want to go so much." "Don't grieve for me," she said.

Though dying away from home would seem hard, yet she was contented to go from where the Master called.

Kind friends ministered to her comfort during her last hours and did much to lighten the burden of her darling, daughter and son, in a far off clime by the bedside of a dying mother, and the return home with the remains alone; and yet, not alone, for Jesus has said, "I will never leave you nor forsake you."

Some of these beautiful flowers here to-day express the love of those ones in that distant country on the Pacific coast. "Daughter, I will always watch over you, never fear." "Children I will always be near you."

We mourn not as those who have no hope. What lies before us is only the vacated tenement. Our sister is in heaven. Sermon by the pastor from Rev. xiv, 13. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

"And a voice from heaven said, write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Surely if there is any blessing in death it must be revealed from have always remained in darkness had it not been for revelation.

To the worldly mind death opens a dark door, and if death be thus to the world a dark avenue of escape from mundane affairs. So far as natural man is able to penetrate it

must have forever remained dark, and yet this event certainly marks the period in the life of every human career.

Certainly that abnegation of every one would not be void of the unction of God.

"I am the way," saith the Lord, and yet he went through the gate of death. "I am the light of the world," saith the Lord. O, glorious illumination. He shone on earth. He shone on the cross. He shone in death. "Surely [this] was the Son of God." He shone in the grave. "And his countenance was like lightning and his raiment white as snow." Heaven said blessed are the dead which die in the Lord. The gate is wide open and effulgent light and hallowed glory, adorn their entrance there, for Jesus went that way.

Wrecked by pain, distressed, sickness, buffeted by Satan in this world. "They shall rest from their labors." There, children don't grieve for mamma, for "blessed are the dead that die in the Lord," and oh, sweet rest, no sorrow cheeks, no sunken eyes, no careworn looks, no shrinking body for "God will give them a body as it pleaseth him, and that that pleaseth God is most transcendently glorious and perfect."

"And their works do follow them." What remains behind is the noble works, and whither do they lead? To the home of the departed. O! generation of men follow on, and generation yet unborn by the grace of God shall follow on to the blessed home of the redeemed. Amen.

Rev. Z. T. Livengood and S. J. Harrison assisted in the service.

Funeral service in the Brethren church at Milledgeville, Ill., Thursday, Dec., 27th, 1894.

J. O. TALLEY.

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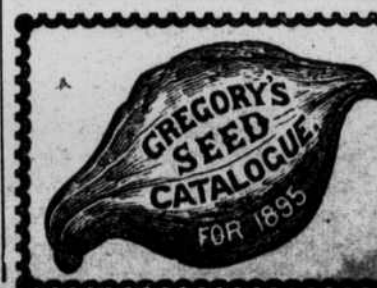
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